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dite," M. Pierre Louÿs, a decadent young Frenchman, steps forward to admit that he invented the story, wrote the Greek, edited the German edition, and "translated" the French version. It is one of the most remarkable *supercheries* since Chatterton.

A book with such a history must have beauty and charm by whomever written, and in spite of any adventitious interest of masquerade. And so, indeed, have these one hundred and forty-six poems in prose in their French dress. To convey some idea, however inadequate, of them I translate the "Third Epitaph."

Under the dark leaves of the laurel, under the amorous petals of the rose, here I am laid, I who knew to weave verse on verse and to open the budding kiss.

I grew in the land of the nymphs. I lived in the isle of girl-friends. I died in Venus' isle. Therefore is my name illustrious and my stela moist with oil.

Weep not for me, ye who pass. They have made me fair obsequies. The mourners have torn their cheeks. They laid in my tomb my mirrors and my necklaces.

And now, over the pale fields of Asphodel I wander, impalpable shade, and the memory of my earthly life is the joy of my life below.

B. W. W.

A SCHOLAR'S RECOLLECTIONS.

AULD LANG SYNE. By the Rt. Hon. Prof. F. Max Müller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898. 12mo. Pp. ix., 325.

Prof. Max Müller has laid the scholarly world under many obligations ere this, but his present book will probably gain him readers who would never have ventured to open his more formidable but often delightful volumes devoted to the science of language. He has written the most charming book of reminiscences that we have read for many a year—a book much more interesting to our mind than Mr. Aubrey de Vere's late volume, good as that is, and distinctly more readable than large portions of the Tennyson memoir were. It is not a formal work by any means, having been undertaken as an entertainment during a few weeks of rest prescribed by a physician; it is not strictly new, as readers of *Cosmopolis* will perceive; but it is none the less one of the most

fascinating of desultory books, which is saying a great deal in its favor.

It is divided into three parts, with a sort of appendix in the shape of an essay on the beggars who have imposed on the genial scholar—an unequal though pleasant paper that might well have been omitted. The first part deals with “Musical Recollections,” and is devoted mainly to Mendelssohn and Schumann. Max Müller had musical gifts himself which he never cultivated to any extent; he could therefore enjoy and comprehend the great musicians with whom fortune brought him in contact, and could write about them sympathetically and without a trace of envy. Some of his pleasantest pages occur in this part of his book.

More important is the second part, entitled “Literary Recollections.” These are chiefly concerned with German and English poets, although there is an interesting glimpse of Lamartine. Wilhelm Müller, the author’s father, Uhland, Rückert, and Heine are the most important Germans discussed in an informal way; Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold are the chief Englishmen. About Tennyson one or two anecdotes are told that do not serve to raise him in our estimation as a man if the old maxim holds that “manners maketh man.” Browning and Arnold fare much better. Of English prose-writers, Charles Kingsley, Froude, Ruskin, and Darwin come in for most consideration, though there is an amusing account of an interview Max Müller once had with Macaulay in order to give him some information on the project of teaching the oriental languages in England—information that could not be given, since the great historian did all the talking. We may especially commend to our readers Max Müller’s tributes to Kingsley and Froude, with both of whom he was connected by marriage.

The third part is entitled “Recollections of Royalties,” among whom are included the three Emperors of Germany, but is mainly devoted to a sketch of the fortunes of the little duchy of Anhalt, in a town of which, Dessau, Max Müller was born many years ago. We know of no way in which

a reader can get with little trouble a better description of what one of the little German principalities was in its palmy days; and as we are all prone to sneer at those small states, the reading of these interesting pages may be safely commended. But it is really unfair to pick out for special praise any part of a book so uniformly charming.

A SEWANEE BOOK ONCE MORE.

THE ECUMENICAL COUNCILS. By W. P. DuBose, S.T.D. The Christian Literature Publishing Company, 1897. Second edition with an introduction by the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, S.T.D., Bishop of Tennessee.

Our readers will remember a most scholarly and exhaustive review of the first edition of Dr. DuBose's work on the Conciliar Period which the Rev. Professor Greenough White contributed to our pages a little more than a year ago. Since then the book has passed to a second edition, to which Bishop Gailor has added a historical introduction designed to bring the volume in line with the rest of the series of "Epochs of Church History," to which it belongs.

In this connection we take great pleasure in calling attention to an able and appreciative review of Dr. DuBose's book which has just appeared in the London *Guardian*. To say that Dr. DuBose has been twice reviewed favorably by this great Church journal means, to put it mildly, that he is recognized in England as a writer of force and acumen. When we come, however, to make a close examination of the reviews themselves we find that they mean much more than this.

The notice of the "Soteriology" which appeared in the *Guardian* about five years ago concluded with the statement that the author was one of the greatest minds that had thought upon the great theme of the incarnation. The review before us is even more outspoken in its praise.

"The whole treatment is most valuable."

"It is based to some extent, no doubt, on Dorner's great work; but it is fresh and vigorous throughout, and not least valuable when" the author "diverges from Dorner's treatment."